National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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"STAND TO THE WHEEL!"

Down the Kanawha between Lines of Blazing Carbines.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

Running the Blockade of Jenkins and His Troopers.

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS,

The Steamer Goes Through and the Rebel Plans are Baffled.

BY CAPT. FRED. FORD, GALLIPOLIS, O.

In April, 1861, I was engaged in my vocation as a Pilot. I was running a steamboat on the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, plying between Pomeroy, O., and Nashville, Tenn. When the war broke out I at once returned to my home at Point Pleasant, in what is now West Virginia, and offered my services to the Government. Although a Virginian by birth, my whole heart and soul were in the Union cause. The secession sentiment was very strong in my neighborhood, and many of my acquaintances and friends favored the side of the South. I began, at my own expense, to recruit a company, though not commissioned to do so. Appearances in that part of the country indicated that its services would soon be needed.

I had succeeded in nearly filling the company with men who were loyal and true, when I received a dispatch from the Secretary of War, asking me to act as Pilot on one of the boats which the Government was fitting out for active service on the rivers. I consented, willing to serve my country in whatever capacity I could be most useful. I

CAPT. FRED. FORD.

turned over to the Government the recruits I had secured, and they became part of the 4th West Virginia. I was not, however, reimbursed for the expense I had incurred, nor have I been to this day.

I continued to act as Pilot, and the Marmora, on which I was serving, led the fleet which took Gen. J. D. Cox's Division up the Kanawha in the Fall of 1861. Subsequently I was appointed Master of the

STEAMER VICTOR NO. 2.

In the Spring of 1862, with this boat, I accomplished an enterprise that river men declared to be impracticable. I pushed my boat as far up as the Falls of the Kanawha, with a full cargo of supplies for Gen. Cox's troops. Without this food and clothing Gen. Cox would no doubt have been compelled to abandon the advantageous position he had gained.

About this time I had an offer to go to Nashville and take charge of a gunboat, at double the salary I was then receiving. I declined it, however, being urged to remain where I was, on account of my familiarity with the Upper Ohio and Kanawha Rivers. The Kanawha was at that time a particularly difficult stream to navigate successfully, on account of the narrow, crooked, and frequently-changing channel. For this reason I remained, satisfied that my services would be more valuable there than elsewhere.

The situation of the Union forces in Western Virginia in the Spring of 1863 was somewhat precarious. Among the earliest operations of the war, in the Summer of 1861, was the occupation of the Kanawha Valley as far up as the mouth of the Gauley River. This was considered to be a point of strategic importance, from which a movement might be made in the direction of Lynchburg, should such a campaign be deemed advisable. Great efforts to hold the valley were made during that and the following years, and they were generally successful. I was constantly engaged in running on the Kanawha, carrying supplies to the troops, and aiding to keep the river open. We were greatly annoyed at times by rebel cavalry raids and dashes by bands of guerrillas. These often made their appearance on the river bank, sometimes with artillery, and made repeated efforts to capture our boats.

THE TIGHTEST PINCH

I was ever in was on the 29th of March, 1863. The Union forces had been withdrawn from Gauley, and a brigade of rebel cavalry, commanded by that famous rough rider, Gen. A. G. Jenkins, was hovering around them, giving much trouble. Gen. E. P. Scammon was in command at Charleston. He was so strongly threatened that he ordered up to that place all troops on the Upper Ohio and Kanawha Rivers.

Jenkins divided his command on the Kanawha above Charleston, demonstrating in such a way as to carry the impression that his force had been greatly augmented. As soon as he discovered the concentration at Charleston, knowing that the river was comparatively free of troops to the Ohio, he suddenly withdrew from Scammon's front. It was thought at first that he had given it up as a bad job and retreated. This soon proved to be a mistake. Making a rapid detour around Charleston, his command suddenly appeared on both sides of the Kanawha, about 20 miles below that place, and 28 miles from the mouth of the river. His intention was to thoroughly blockade the stream, move rapidly down, capturing such boats as might fall in his way, take Point Pleasant, at the confluence of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers, and then move swiftly on Gallipolis, Ohio, an important military depot, 10 miles down the river. His scheme was well planned and, with the large and well-mounted brigade under his command, it is not a matter of wonder that he was confident of entire success. Only an insignificant force could be gathered in the emergency to meet him.

Knowing that the steamboat Victor No. 2, of which I was Master, was on its way down

THE BOAT THAT RAN THE BLOCKADE.

the river from Charleston, Jenkins determined to capture her. He selected a favorable point and established what he thought was a complete

BLOCKADE OF THE RIVER.

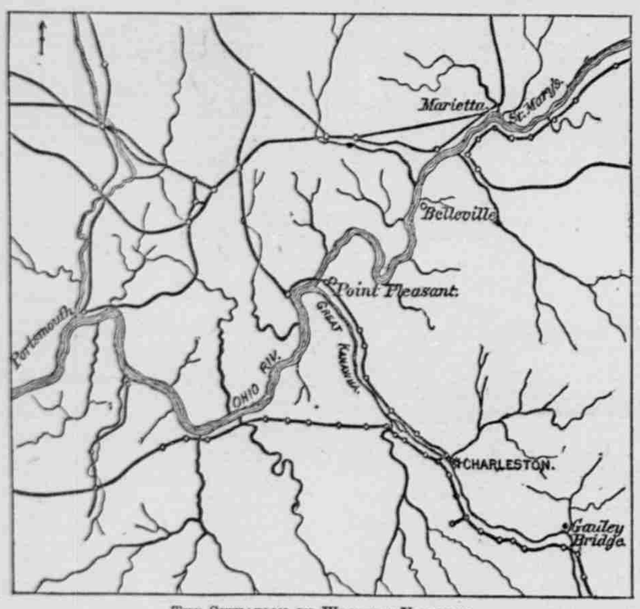
His troops were advantageously posted on both banks. The stream at that point is not over 200 yards wide and very crooked, requiring great care and skill to keep in the channel. Had we run aground we would surely have been lost.

The Victor No. 2 was a mere unarmed transport—a small, swift "stern-wheeler" of less than 100 tons burden. At this time all the other boats of the Kanawha fleet were below, except one small transport, which was still above. We had not more than 40 or 45 persons, all told, on board. There were about a dozen of the crew, 15 or 20 soldiers, some of them sick, and a few Union refugees, mostly women and children. Among the passengers was Paymaster B. R. Cowan, with some $175,000 of Government funds in his possession. I presume Jenkins knew of this, and hence his great anxiety to capture the boat. We had also on board 18 or 20 disabled cavalry and artillery horses, that were being sent below to Convalescent Camp.

As we rounded a bend in the river, running at full speed, we came in sight of the rebels. They were awaiting our appearance, and had made every possible preparation to give us a warm reception. I realized immediately the critical situation in which we were placed. They outnumbered us 50 or 60 to one, and were well armed and equipped. They were flushed with a keen desire for plunder and the belief that they had the game entirely in their own hands. To us the prospect was not a pleasant one. There seemed little ground for hope that we could run the blockade; and it was inevitable that many must fall before

THE STORM OF BULLETS

that we knew would burst upon us as soon as we should get into range.



THE SITUATION IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

There was no time for consultation. I felt the importance of getting through, if possible, in order that we might, by a swift passage to Point Pleasant and Gallipolis, warn those places of the impending danger and perhaps be in time to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy. I at once determined to "face the music" and make the attempt. If we failed we would all go down together. Communicating my purpose to the Pilot and Engineer, I ordered the latter to crowd the furnaces, keep on a full head of steam, and let her go with the valves wide open. I told all the soldiers on board who had arms to use them to the best advantage, and directed the unarmed passengers to look out as well as they could for their own safety. I told them it would probably be very hot, but that we were going through or sink. Then I took my place in the pilot-house. I told the Pilot that we would under no circumstances surrender; that he must wheel to keep the steamer on her course. The plucky pilot rallied in a moment and stood to the end unflinchingly at his post, though several balls passed through his hat and clothes.

They told me of one of the passengers, a citizen, who spent most of the time in loud and fervent prayer for deliverance. He promised that if the good Lord would get him safely out of the Kanawha Valley he would never be caught there again as long as he lived. One bullet penetrated the steam-pipe, causing the steam to escape with a great noise and checking somewhat the speed of the engine.

The horsemen pursued us for some distance, but finally abandoned the chase. On taking an inventory of damages, we found that two men—a member of the crew and a passenger—had been killed outright, and a dozen others were wounded. Five or six of the horses were killed, and nearly all had been hit. The blood of men and animals was flowing freely over the deck, presenting a ghastly spectacle. The woodwork of the boat was shivered by

HUNDREDS OF BULLETS,

but she was still able to run at good speed. Stopping for a few minutes to wrap the punctured steam-pipe, we hurried on, reaching Point Pleasant in about four hours.

The news of our adventure and of the approach of Jenkins threw the village into a state of great alarm and excitement. The only troops there were a part of Co. E, 13th W. Va., under the command of Capt. J. D. Carter. He immediately began to take measures for defending the town to the utmost ability of his little force.

After a very brief stay at Point Pleasant we hurried on to Gallipolis, where the news, so well corroborated by the appearance of our boat, created great consternation. Active steps for defense were taken. Telegrams were sent in all directions appealing for immediate assistance. We put off our dead and wounded, hastily unloaded the Government property we had on board, and then steamed back to Point Pleasant.

On the following day Jenkins and his men galloped into that place. Capt. Carter rallied his little band of soldiers in the Court-house, where they made a gallant fight.

A wharf-boat was lying at the mouth of the Kanawha, on which were army stores and Government property to the value of $100,000. The rebels made a dash to secure this rich booty. Seeing its danger we ran the Victor up, under a heavy fire, cut the wharf-boat loose, fastened a line to it and towed it to Gallipolis, saving all the property. This I turned over to Quartermaster H. H. Boggis.

Then I borrowed a section of a battery, put the guns on my boat, and steamed back to Point Pleasant. With the aid of our artillery and the troops that had been collected we retook the town and drove the

W. H. BUYS, PILOT.

rebels out, capturing 24 prisoners, and retaking $10,000 worth of military supplies.

The officers and crew of the Victor No. 2 were all West Virginians, loyal to the core, and as brave as men could be. Those who did their duty so faithfully in that trying time were Stapleton Wright and William H. Buys, Pilots; Stephen Davidson, Clerk and Mail Agent; James A. Summers, First Engineer; John Johnson, Second Engineer; Leonard B. Morris, Mate.

OTHER TESTIMONY.

The Point Pleasant *Register* of Dec. 3, 1868, referring to the passage of the blockade by the Victor No. 2, said:

Doubtless the Union people of the Kanawha Valley and of Gallipolis will always cherish a grateful remembrance of Capt. Ford for his heroic defense of his boat against the attack of Gen. Jenkins, who had formed the design of capturing Point Pleasant and Gallipolis, together with all the Government stores there deposited. When Capt. Ford saw himself in the midst of the enemy's ambuscade, he seemed to read his whole design, and feeling the importance of his perilous condition, he resolved to run the gantlet amid a leaden storm hurled from the muskets of Jenkins's whole brigade, ranged along the river bank for more than a mile. The Captain might have been seen amid this galling fire and yells for surrender standing on the hurricane deck of his noble Victor No. 2, speaking words of encouragement to his Pilot—words that deserve to be written in letters of gold: "Stand to the wheel, Supe; if you're shot I'll take your place—we'll never give up the boat." A moment more and a steamer perforated with bullets from stem to stern, and stained with blood from dead men and beasts, and the story of the enemy's defeat was told—the Government had saved hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of army stores, and the Union people of Point Pleasant and Gallipolis had saved an immense amount of private property.

STEPHEN DAVIDSON, CLERK.

Paymaster B. R. Cowan, who was on board the steamer during the perilous trip, said under date of June 5, 1863:

During the raid of Jenkins in March last, it was my fortune to be a passenger on the Victor No. 2, which Capt. Ford commanded, having a large amount of Government funds in my possession. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that to the determined courage of Capt. Ford on that occasion the Government is indebted for the preservation of the Government property in my hands. The slightest hesitancy on his part would doubtless have resulted in our capture, which to the command supplied by the Kanawha boats would have been disastrous.

The following is from the Gallipolis *Journal* of April 9, 1863:

No loyal citizen can look at the effect of the murderous fire poured into the Government steamboat Victor No. 2 by Jenkins's Brigade on the Kanawha, last Sunday week, without seeing how narrowly our town escaped destruction, and how many happy homes might now be the scene of desolation and mourning.

But to the loyal, law-abiding, peaceful lover of his country more than his party, every bullet hole in the boat conveys an idea of terrible import. That they designed to capture but not destroy the boat is evident from the fact that the fire was directed from and not at the machinery of the boat. They knew that a shot in the steam heater or pipes would effectually deprive them of using it as a transport. No one can deny that in case of capture the boat, loaded with the enemy, might have landed at our wharf unmolested and commenced the work of destruction before any effort could have been made to oppose it. The delay in sending relief to the Point, caused by lack of system and want of a commander, furnishes proof of how unsuccessfully the enemy would have been encountered by an unarmed and affrighted people, encumbered, as we manifestly would have been, by those whose proclivities would have favored a surrender of the place.

Only by contemplating the probable results of a surrender, can we properly estimate the value of the services rendered by the intrepid Captain. Had he, to insure safety, given up his boat, the enemy would have filled her with troops, and, all things being in readiness, made a descent upon this place,—then all unsuspecting of danger,—taken by surprise our little band of soldiers, paroled those in hospital, captured part and burned the rest of the Government stores, and re-embarked and attacked Gallipolis with similar results; and, if not apprised of their approach, would have doubtless burned that flourishing town, and thence continued their journey down the Ohio and up the Guyandotte, then, abandoning and burning the steamer, betook themselves with their portable plunder to their mountain fastness, beyond the danger of successful pursuit.

Well may we shudder in reflecting how imminent was destruction. The least timidity or irresolution on the part of Capt. Ford and all Government property and forces, both at this place and Gallipolis, would, in all human probability, have been captured, and what else none can tell.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BY BRET HARTE.

I read last night of the grand review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue
I think they said was the number—
Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet,
The bugle's blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of the people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a revery sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand,
In a lonely capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand,
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted specters, whom some command
Had called to the last reviewing!
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed along the square,
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath in fear and dread,
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning.
It never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode stately up the street
To the phantom's bugle warning,
Till it reached the capitol square and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form, that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker nor waning lamp
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation!
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.
And there came the nameless dead, the men
Who perished in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of the prison pen!
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs unfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 't was the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so, all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge nor a motto brandished!
No mark—save the bare, uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer—
With never an arch save the vaulted sky,
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array,
So all night long till the morning gray
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

TO MY WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: Will you have the kindness to publish the inclosed poem? My husband, P. Whitney, 1st Mass. Cav., wrote it in Andersonville Prison, where he died.—Mrs. Ann C. Whitney, Mitchell, Dak.

I care not for the rising storm,
I do not heed the cold,
Nor listen to the angry wind
That roars around the wold;
I only know my journey's o'er,
For just ahead I see
The light that tells my little wife
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife, my darling wife!
My soul's own joy and pride!
Ten thousand blessings on the day
When you became my bride.
I've never known a weary hour
Since I have held your hand—
I would not change my worldly lot
For any in the land.

Oh! sweetly from her loving lips,
The blissful welcome falls!
There is no happiness for me,
Outside our humble walls.
Ah! sad indeed would be my heart,
And dark the world would be,
If not for this dear little wife,
That ever waits for me.

"Old Zack Chandler."

Memories of "Old Zach" Chandler crop up occasionally. When he was Chairman of the Republican National Committee, with headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he astonished the colored man in charge, who slept in the Secretary's room, by appearing there one morning about 5 o'clock. It was scarcely daylight and the sleepy darkey could not understand what was up. With a vigorous fusillade of his emphatic but inelegant and somewhat profane language, Chandler ordered him to go and wake up the secretary, stenographer, and two or three clerks, whom he named. The man had by this time waked up enough to know that it was still night, and he came to the hasty conclusion that Mr. Chandler must be "a little off." He ventured to say, "But, Mr. Chandler, it am not mawning yet." The Michigander ripped out another of his big oaths, as he said: "It is morning when the Chairman of the Committee gets here. Go and tell them to get up and report for duty."

Better Ask Her Mother.

He (meditatively)—Miss Clara, suppose I were to go to your father and ask for your hand. What do you suppose he would say?

She—Do you seriously contemplate such a step?

He—I do.

She—Well, I may as well tell you right here that father has been asked that question so often, and the men have all backed out so, that he is very touchy on that point. Better ask ma; she's only had four applications.—*Tid-Bits.*

Must Be a Mistake.

[*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*]

"I see the Socialists of Chicago are in a ferment," observed the Judge.

"You surely are mistaken," replied the Major.

"Mistaken! nothing of the kind. Didn't I see it in the paper?"

"Can't help it if you did. Ferment means to work, and that's something Socialists don't do."

AT ANTIETAM.

The Gallant Services of the 125th Pennsylvania.

BREASTING THE BLAST

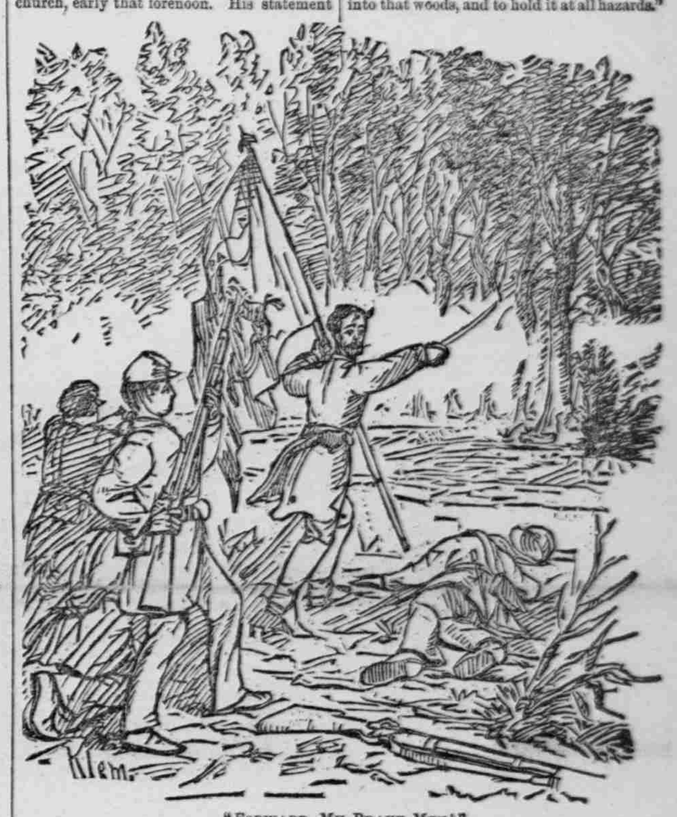
From the Blazing Muskets of Gordon's Rebel Line.

WRESTING A BATTERY

From the Grasp of the Jubilant Enemy.

BY COL. JACOB HIGGINS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Many men in the Western army, without intending to be unfair to those who served in the Army of the Potomac, have often questioned whether the latter could, in the open field, exhibit such cool bravery as was shown by the gallant men of the West. Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, testifies to what he saw performed by the 125th Pa. at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, near the Dunker church, early that forenoon. His statement



"FORWARD, MY BRAVE MEN!"

of it is so graphic that I venture a republication of it.

Gen. Gordon says that the regiment came forward over the field in solid column. It was evidently a new regiment, unscathed by battle. Its members were novices in the sufferings of war, perhaps never in their lives under fire; and their clothing and accouterments were new, as if worn only on parade. Their bayonets were as bright as household silver. They advanced without firing a gun, with all the intrepidity of

SCHOOLBOYS BRED ON MORAL HISTORIES.

Bravely advancing, they kept step, bearing aloft their colors, new from ladies' hands; the band played gloriously, and every officer was in his place. It was like ideal war upon European plains—not war in a rugged country, with rough multitudes discovering tactics for themselves.

"Save your fire, men, till they close on you," said Gordon. "Fresh as they are, if they break through us on a charge as cool as that we shall rue it."

The gallant line moved on as if for a holiday, but it was to be for many of them the holiday of eternity. Suddenly there was an earthquake of rifles, as Gordon's line delivered its murderous fire. The ground was strewn with those brave boys, piled up like cordwood spilled from a wagon. But the line swept undauntedly on, with colors, music and glistening bayonets, as if the regiment

HAD A SECOND LIFE,

renewed in the trampled corn and clean oak grove. Again the deadly fire burst from the Confederate ranks, and for a moment the bright pageant disappeared in smoke, amidst sighs and groans and death.

"Did you ever see such coolness?" exclaimed Gordon, as, black with powder and sweat, the third and fourth times the regiment advanced, parading above its dead, and every officer in his place waving his sword for the charge. Again the woods exploded; the air was ripped with lead. The remnant of the line wavered.

"But there was one man," said Gen. Gordon, narrating the incident 17 years after, when a United States Senator, "an officer, who was seasoned through with courage. I saw him speak strong words of courage to his shrinking command, high above the roar of the conflict. He waved his sword in their faces, pointed it to the enemy, and cried, 'Advance,' but they could not; the ground before them was too dreadful with dead. He took the colors in his hands, waved them, and ran forward, adjuring them by duty, manhood, and country to follow. That man, whom I had watched all this while, with my men ready again and hot with battle, walked deliberately in front of my command, wholly unsupported, right on toward us more than half way between the lines, and folding his arms looked into our muskets, as if to say: 'I came here to die!' For myself, I remember no more; but my men have said to me many a time that the last words I uttered, when I was struck in the face and fell with five wounds, were 'Don't shoot that man!' I never heard of his fate. I have seen Northern soldiers stand charges before which any troops in the world would have flinched."

The 125th Pa. had been attached to the Twelfth Corps at Rockville, Md., just before the battle of South Mountain. Gen. Mansfield commanded the corps. I was assigned to Crawford's Brigade in Williams's Division. The 125th Pa. was at the head of the corps, going into the battle of Antietam, when Gen. Mansfield

FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Gen. Williams then assumed the command of the corps, Gen. Crawford of the division, and Col. Knipe (afterward Brigadier-General) of our brigade. I was ordered to support Ricketts's battery, which was in action between the cornfield and the little white church in the oak grove. We had not been there long when Gen. Hooker came riding up and asked me what troops were in the woods in front of us. I told him they were Confederates, and that this was the front of our line. Just then Gen. Hooker's horse was hit with a ball and wheeled and ran back over the field. Soon a staff officer came galloping up to me and said:

"The General sends his compliments and requests you to advance with your regiment into that woods, and to hold it at all hazards."

I gave the command, "Attention!" The men sprang to their feet and the line was ready in a moment. I ordered Capt. McKeage to deploy Co. G as skirmishers, and gave the order to advance. The skirmishers were soon driven in, but the regiment continued on. The enemy in our immediate front fell back very stubbornly. We crossed the pike and halted to straighten our line. There was a Confederate Colonel, mortally wounded, lying in the road. He looked up at me and asked for some stimulant. I told him I had nothing of that kind. I asked him what regiment he belonged to, and he replied, "Colonel, 6th Ga." I ordered to the rear some prisoners that we had taken. One of them said to me that it was the first time they had ever turned their backs on a single brigade. I replied that this was only a regiment, not a brigade. He looked along the line and said it must be a d——d big regiment. It was a large regiment then, under its first fire, but by the time Gen. Gordon got through with us in the oak grove it was a great deal smaller.

We advanced again until Gordon's line stopped us. The air appeared to be

BLUE WITH LEADEN HAIL,

and our regiment was fast melting away. I could see that the wood in our front was gray with Confederates. I rode back a short distance to see if any reinforcements were coming, but there were none. I knew it was useless for one regiment to try to hold the woods or the position against a division. I then dismounted and ordered First Lieut. Higgins (my brother) to mount my horse and go as fast as he could, find the General and tell him to send reinforcements immediately, or I would be forced to fall back. My brother asked where he would be likely to find the General. I told him the last I had seen of him was going through the cornfield.

We were then some distance beyond the church, and I detached Co. B and ordered it back to watch the ravine or depression on the other side of the church, and report to me if the enemy attempted to come up to get in our rear. The firing was terrific on both sides. Our color-bearer fell with a ball through his brain, and one by one all the color-guard went down. Then I walked down bareheaded close to Gen. Gordon's lines and stopped. This is what Gordon referred to in his narrative, when he spoke of a man walking deliberately in front of his command. I did not think much about dying then, although there was a good chance for it, nor did I go there to look into the muzzles of Gordon's muskets, but to see what was in the rear of his lines. I saw the Confederates massing for a charge, and then walked back to my own troops.

Gen. Gorman came up and told me that his brigade was some distance back, coming up on my left flank. He then went back to meet his brigade, and at this juncture Capt.